

THE
BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE NURSING RECORD
EDITED BY MRS BEDFORD FENWICK

No. 1,737.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1921.

Vol. LXVII

EDITORIAL.

"VICTORY OVER BLINDNESS."

"There is much that we cannot see, there is one thing we will not see if we can help it, and that is the gloomy side of our lives. This is the gospel of St. Dunstan's."

"The gospel of St. Dunstan's." Can there, we ask ourselves, be any gospel for men, who, in the prime of their manhood, have sustained so sudden, so overwhelming a disaster as the loss of their sight? Sir Arthur Pearson, and those who work with him, believe that there is, and at St. Dunstan's they have triumphantly vindicated their belief.

This all Londoners, and those whom business or pleasure bring to London during the next three months, may verify for themselves, for, at the Beaver Hut in the Strand, within a stone's throw of Charing Cross, they can see an exhibit of the men's work. They can, moreover, see the men themselves at their various crafts, and learn something of their joy of achievement. Sir Arthur Pearson tells us that "it is the blind man who, above all, needs occupation, and the more active, the more normal he can make his life, the happier he will be."

All of us admire those who, handicapped by a disability, rise superior to it, and resolutely place it in the background of their lives as if it did not exist. This the men of St. Dunstan's have done. True, they have been through their period of black depression, and then, in the hospital to which they were admitted, or elsewhere, men and women who have passed through the same bitter experience have come to them with the comforting message that this is a phase in their lives, and not life itself. St. Dunstan's has laid its healing, sustaining, bracing hands upon them, and they have found that life has still good things in store for them

—has taught them that it need not be un-fertile and useless; that there are trades and professions still open to them in which they can not only hold their own but can excel the work of sighted men, for their very disability leads to a concentration which produces fine results; and the sound and first-class work-manship of the goods made by St. Dunstan's men is known far and wide.

Go to the Exhibition of the Professions and Handicrafts taught at St. Dunstan's, now being held at the Beaver Hut, and you will see for yourself. St. Dunstan's men do not ask your charity. They ask you to purchase well-made goods which you need, at the price they command in the open market, from ex-soldiers who have lost their sight to secure your freedom—and in so doing to enable them to maintain themselves and their families. It is not much to ask, is it, from those who are enjoying the results of their sacrifice? So if you need mats woven of cocoa-nut fibre, oak tea-trays, baskets of all kinds, easy chairs, linen hampers, dog kennels, rabbit hutches, wooden bedsteads, valuable eggs for setting, and many other things at strictly moderate prices, make it a point of honour to see whether St. Dunstan's can supply you. It is the least you can do. Lastly, remember that 93 St. Dunstan's men are fully qualified masseurs—obtain a list of them and recommend them when occasion offers.

At 18, Christopher Street, Finsbury Square, E.C., an up-to-date massage and electro-therapeutic clinic has been established by the authorities of St. Dunstan's, where one sighted masseuse, and a number of blinded soldier masseurs, varying with the amount of work to be done at different hours of the day, are employed, under the direction of medical men.

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